MOTHER GOOSE'S

MELODIES,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY MY UNCLE SOLOMON.

PORTLAND:
S. H. COLESWORTHY,
EXCHANGE STREET.

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Stereotype Edition

PORTLAND:
S. H. COLESWORTHY.
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THE
PROPERTY OF

INTRODUCTION.

Dear children, I have come again.
This is my closing story ;
For I am old and full of pain
And overrun with glory.

But you will find this little book
Is full of every thing,
From a Malta Cat upon a hook,
To the dinner of a king.
Each page has something in it new,
Composed by Mother Goose for you.

UNCLE SOLOMON

COMPOSING RHYMES FOR THE CHILDREN.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And knows not what to do.

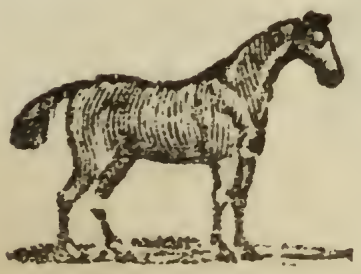
Here's a farmer catching fish,
For his children's dinner;
Trout well cooked produce a dish
Fit for any sinner.
But he must be a real ninny,
To leave his work to catch a minny.

Fee! Faw! Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
In the street, or in his bed,
I must have one here in my can.

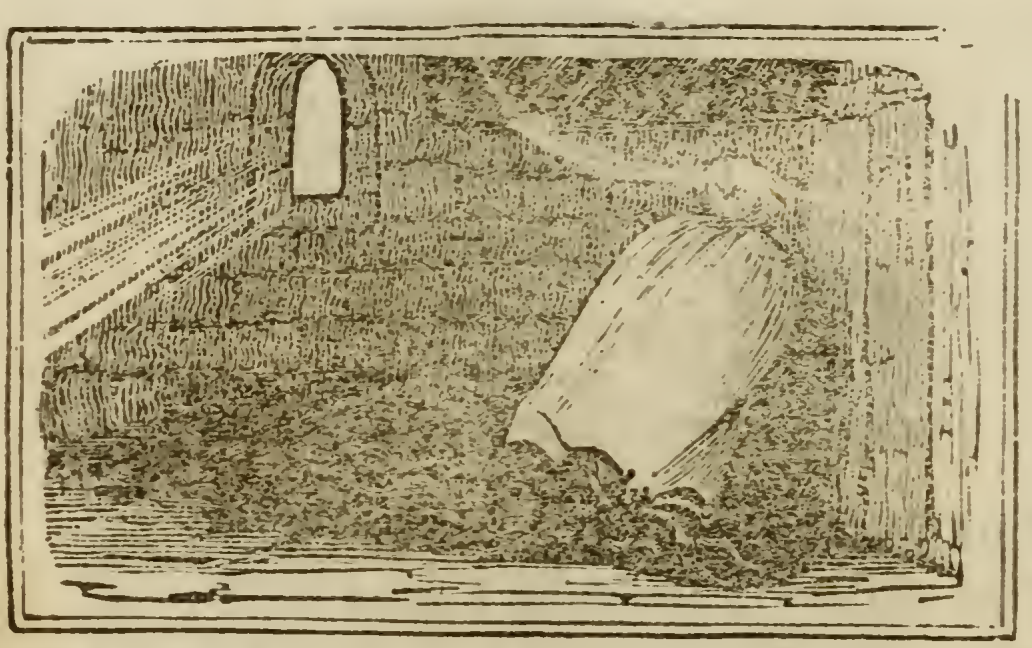
The Fox and the Stork sat down for to chat,
The Fox sat on this side, the Stork sat on that;
At last says the Fox, "The day is far spent,"
So he kicked up his heels, and off he went!

SONG SET TO FIVE FINGERS.

1. This little pig went to market;
2. This little pig staid at home;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter;
4. This little pig had none;
5. This little pig said, wee, wee, wee! I can't find my way home.

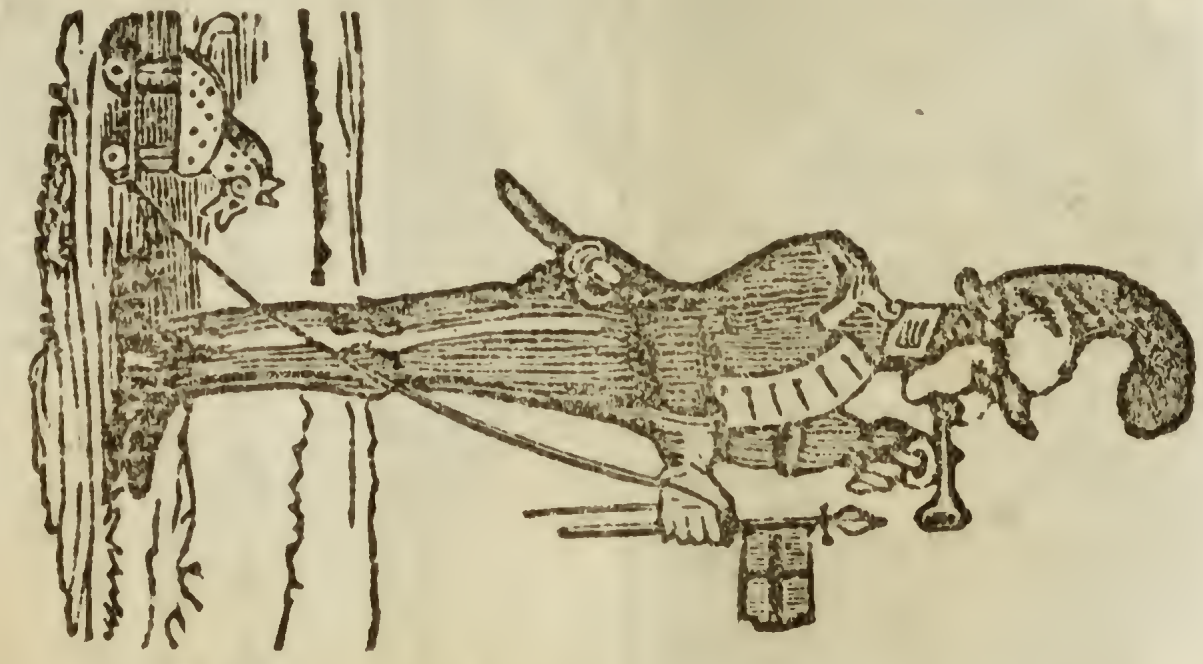


Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.



There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill;
The miller did swear,
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse, in his life.

When I was a little boy, my father kept me in,
But now I am a great boy, fit to serve the king.



I can handle a musket, I can smoke a pipe,
I can kiss a pretty girl, at ten o'clock at night.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckels on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love forever more,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown.
And Jill came tumbling after.

Little Jane ran up the lane,
To hang her clothes a drying,
She called for Nell to ring the bell,
For Jack and Jill were dying.

Nimble Dick, run up so quick,
He tumbled over a timber,
And bent his bow to shoot a crow,
And killed a cat in the window.

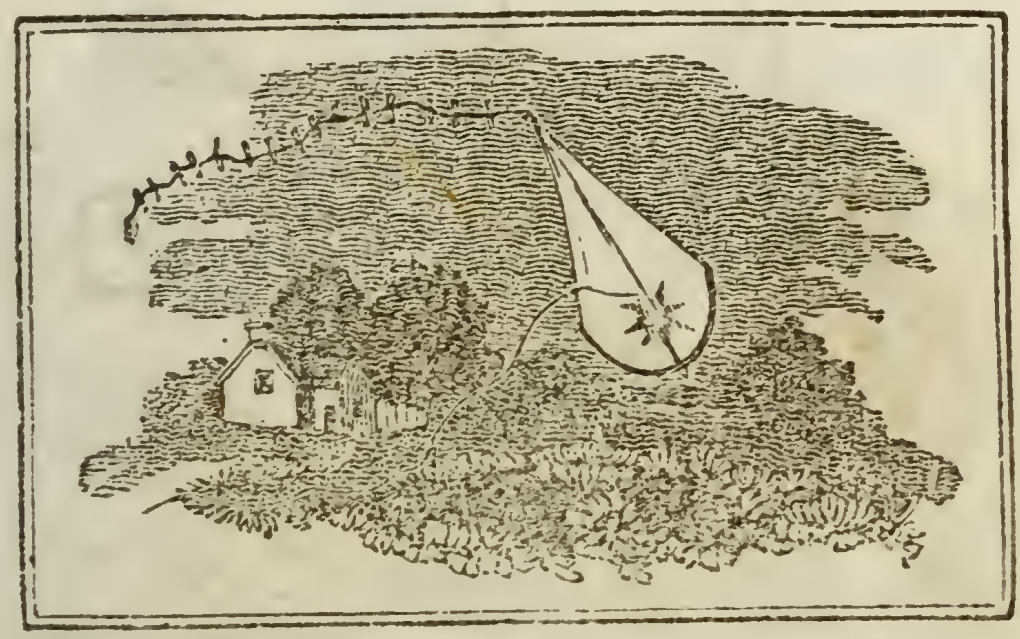
Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran away from the spoon.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes.

Johnny shall have a new cap,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon,
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny,
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

And here is a top for our Johnny,
And here is a kite for him, too,
And he has a kiss for father,
And two for his mother also.



Here's a kite broken loose,
With its bob-tail in the air;
Who's the owner — Billy Huse!
Billy, Billy, don't you swear.

There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times higher than the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither! ah, whither! whither so high?
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you, by-and-by."

Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down tumble cradle, and baby and all

Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing
Is not this a dainty dish to set before the king?

The king was in the parlor, counting out his money;
The queen in the kitchen, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird and nipt off her nose.

Bah! Bah! Black, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame—
But none for the little boy,
That cries in the lane.

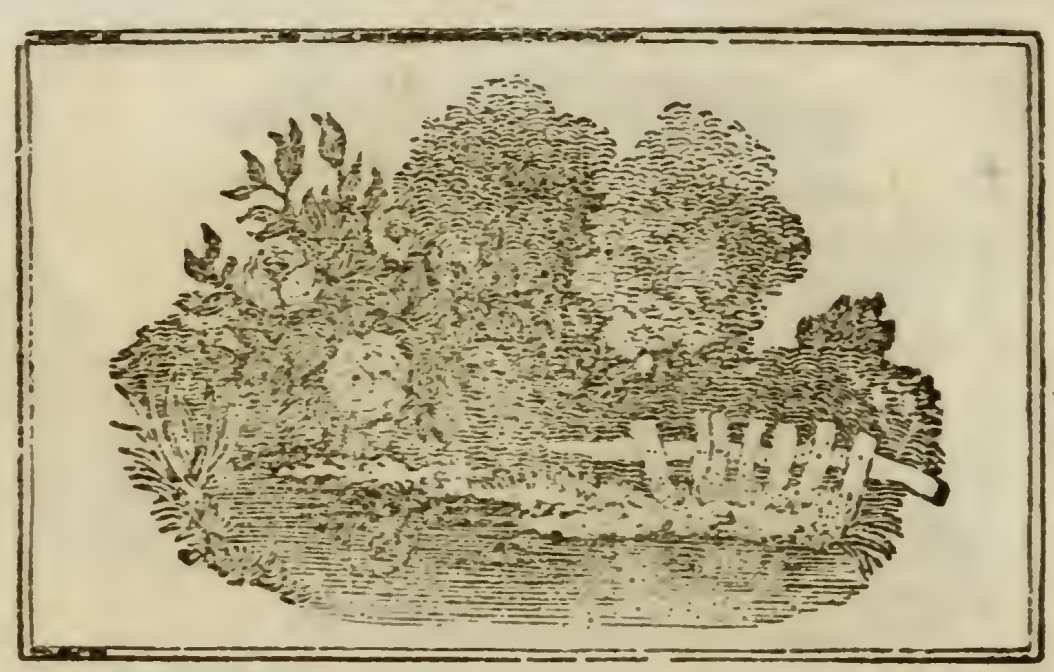
Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold,
Peas porridge in the pot, nine days old.

When I was a little boy, I washed mammy's dishes,
Now I am a great boy, I roll in golden riches.

There was an old woman
Lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

Boys and girls come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a hoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.

Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,
Come to your play-fellows in the street.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half penny loaf will serve us all.



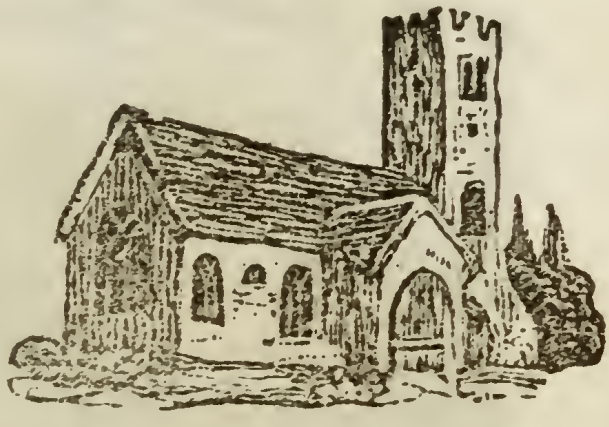
This rose has been washed,
Just washed in a shower,
'Tis the sweetest of all,
And the loveliest flower.

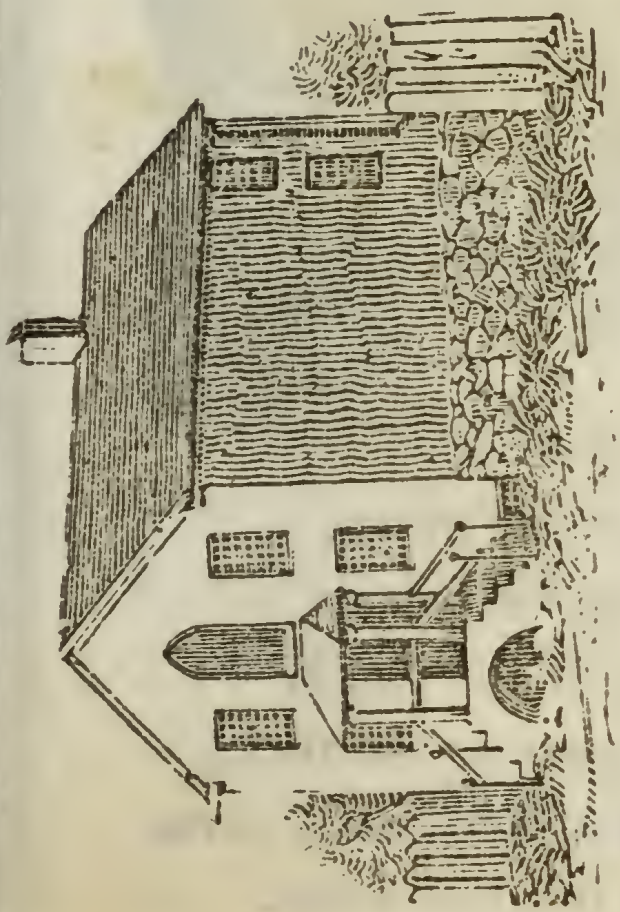
When the moon begins to peep,
Little boys should be asleep;
The great big sun shines all day,
That little boys can see to play.

You owe me five shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.





When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Two sticks in an apple,
Ring bells of Whitechapel.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

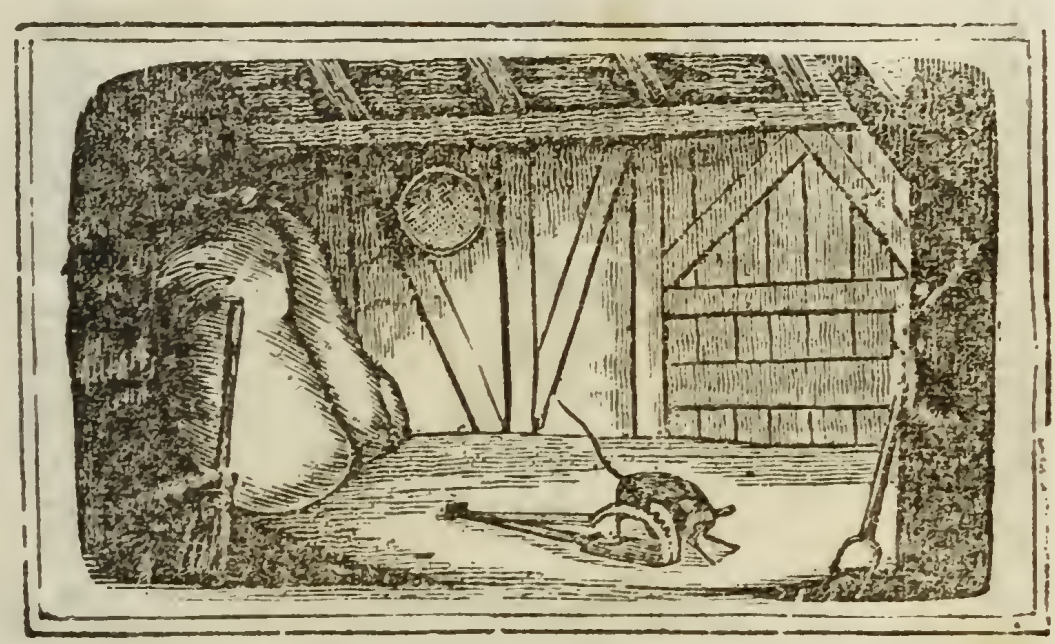
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Lavander blue, and Rosemary green,
When I am king, you shall be queen;
Call up my maids at four of the clock,
Some to the wheel, and some to the rock;
Some to make cake, and some to shell corn,
And you and I will keep the bed warm.

Away pretty butterfly, home to your nest,
To make you my captive, I should like best,
And feed you with sugar and bread;
Your eyes are so sparkling, your wings are so soft,
You flutter forever, so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all covered with red.

Four children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell in, they all fell out;
The rest, they ran away.
Oh! had these children been at home,
Than sliding on dry ground,
Two pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.



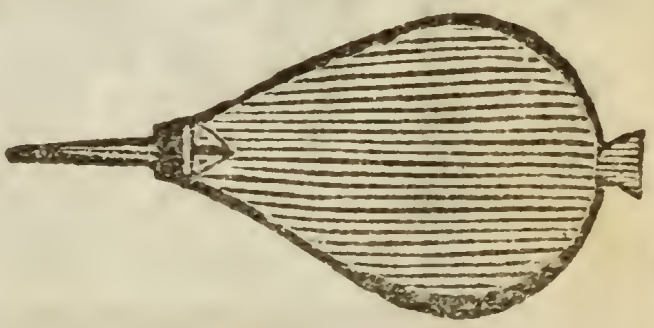
O, what a silly rat was that,
To be thus caught in a steel trap.
His mother told him not to go,
For if he did, it would be so.
But go he would, now see the strife,
He sprung the trap, and lost his life.

Trip upon trenchers,
And dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for yeast, some yeast,
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear some one would play me a jest.

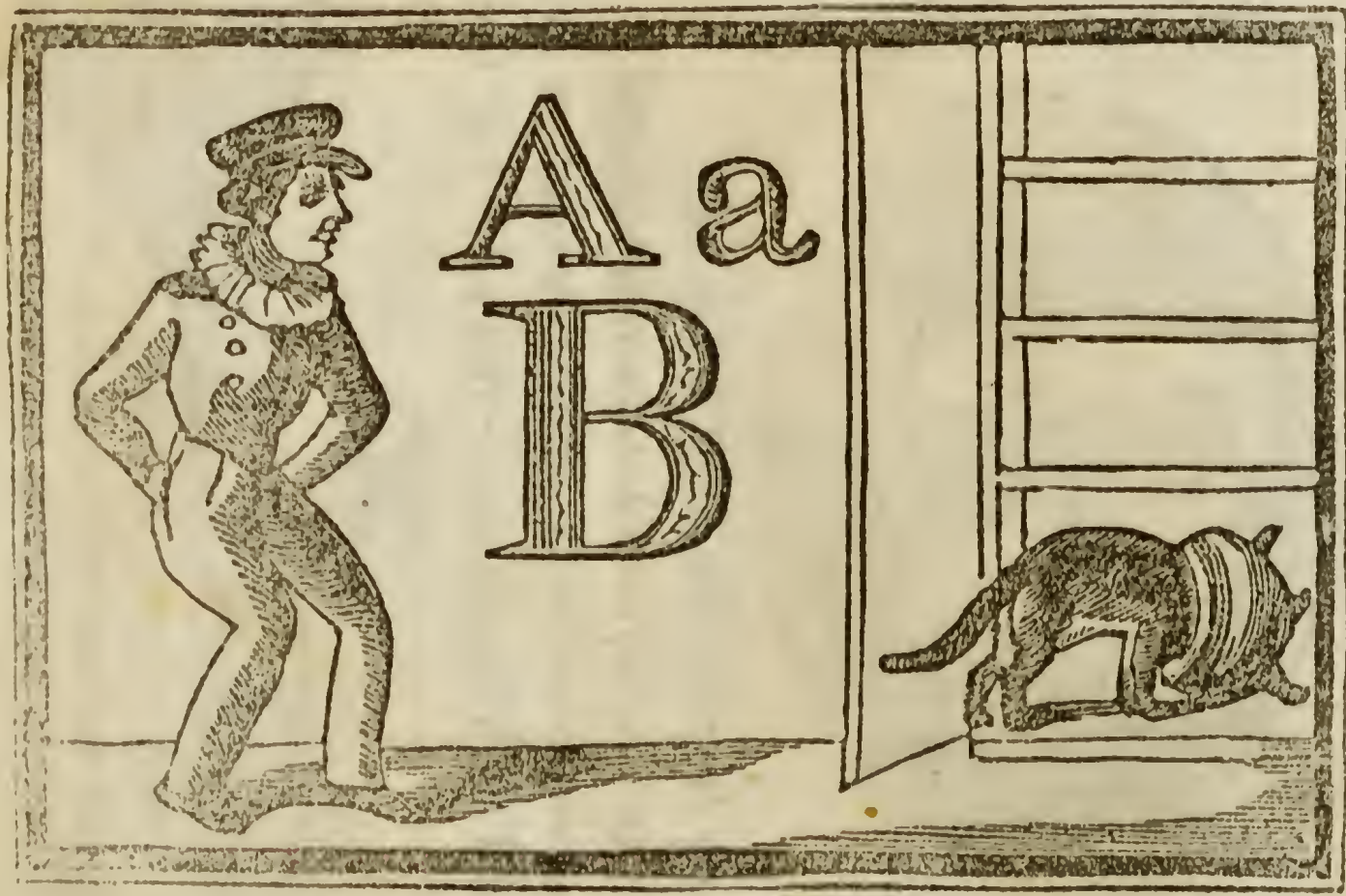
Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?
They broke my pitcher, and spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother, and chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

Little king Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black-puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes — you ne'er saw the like.

When the bellows goes,
Then the wind blows,
And our hearts
Are light and are merry.



Great A little A, bouncing B



The cat's in the Cupboard, and she can't see.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this,
Was neither far nor neary.

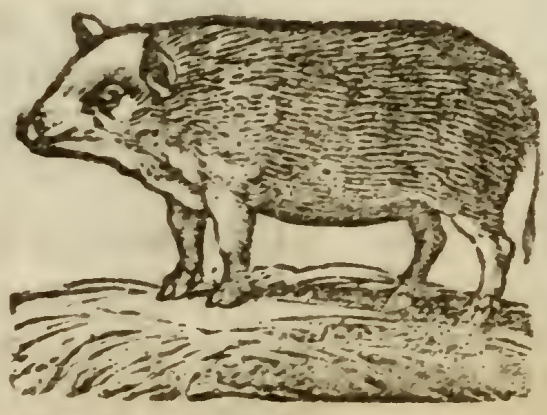
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Where was a jewel and pretty?
Where was a sugar and spicey?
Hush a bye babe in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricey.

Did his papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand, and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Little Johnny Pringle had a little pig,
It was very little, so was not very big,
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute, poor Piggy was dead.



We'll go to the wood, says Richard to Robin,
We'll go to the wood, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll go to the wood, says John, all alone,
We'll go to the wood, says every one.

What to do there? says Richard to Robin,
What to do there? says Robin to Bobin,
What to do there? says John all alone,
What to do there? says every one.

We'll shoot at a wren, says Richard to Robin,
We'll shoot at a wren, says Robin to Bobin,

We'll shoot at a wren, says John, all alone,
We'll shoot at a wr n, says every one.

Then pounce, then pounce, says Richard to Robin,
Then pounce, then pounce, says Robin to Bobin,
Then pounce, then pounce, says John, all alone,
Then pounce, then pounce, says every one.

She's dead, she's dead, says Richard to Robin,
She's dead, she's dead, says Robin to Bobin,
She's dead, she's dead, says John, all alone,
She's dead, she's dead, says every one.

How get her home? says Richard to Robin,
How get her home? says Robin to Bobin,
How get her home? says John, all alone,
How get her home? says every one.

In a cart and six horses, says Richard to Robin,
In a cart and six horses, says Robin to Bobin,
In a cart and six horses, says John, all alone,
In a cart and six horses, says every one.

How shall we dress her? says Richard to Robin,
How shall we dress her? says Robin to Bobin,

How shall we dress her? says John, all alone,
How shall we dress her? says every one.

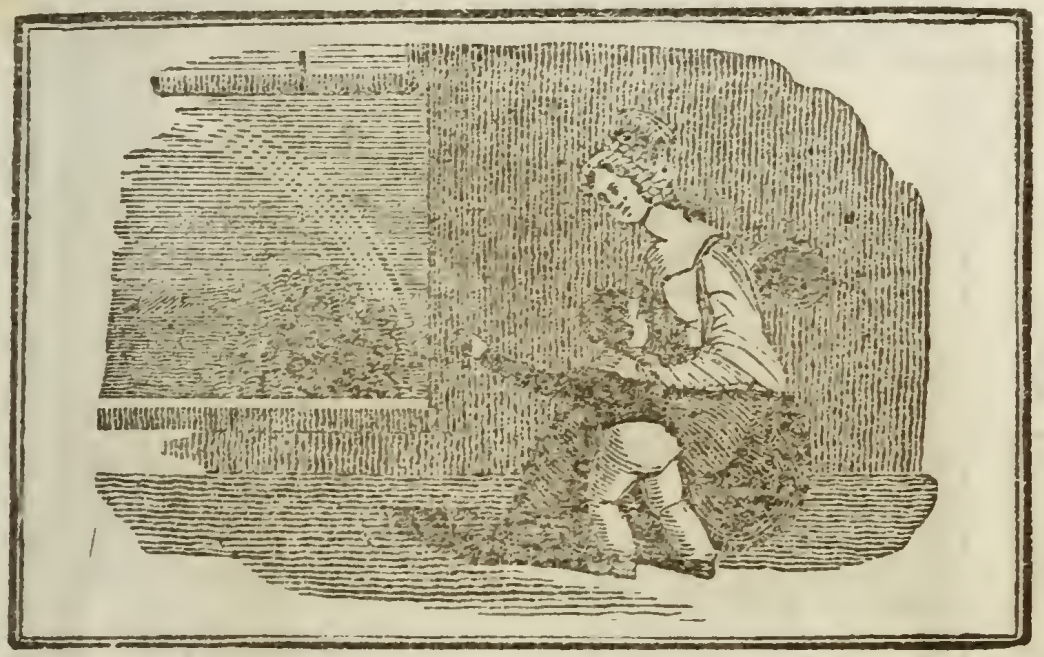
We'll hire seven cooks, says Richard to Robin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says John, all alone,
We ll hire seven cooks, says every one.

The cuckoo is a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks little birds' eggs,
To make her voice clear,
And never cries cuckoo, till the spring of the year.

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood,
And I would tell him if I could.

Sing, sing! —— What shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.

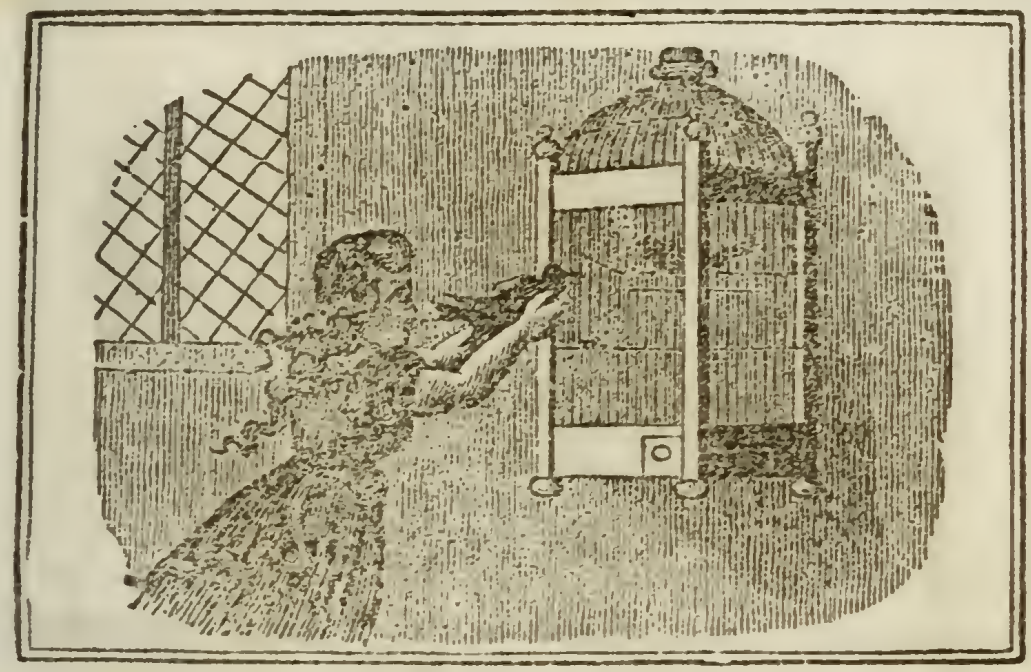


There was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman scarce ever was quiet.

Hiccory, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down he
run,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.

Brother, Oh brother, where are you going?
Let sister go with you this sunshiny day,

I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
I'm going to help the girls turn the new hay.



Away, pretty robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive I should like best,
And feed you with worms and with bread :
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all covered with red.

Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

Hey rub-a-dub, ho rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,
And what do you think was there?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,
And all of them gone to the fair.

Tom, Tom, of Islington, married a wife on Sunday,
Brought her home on Monday, hir'd a house Tuesday,
Fed her well on Thursday, dead was she on Friday,
Sad was Tom Saturday, to bury his wife Sunday.

I had a little pony,
They call'd it Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

To market, to market, to buy me a bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

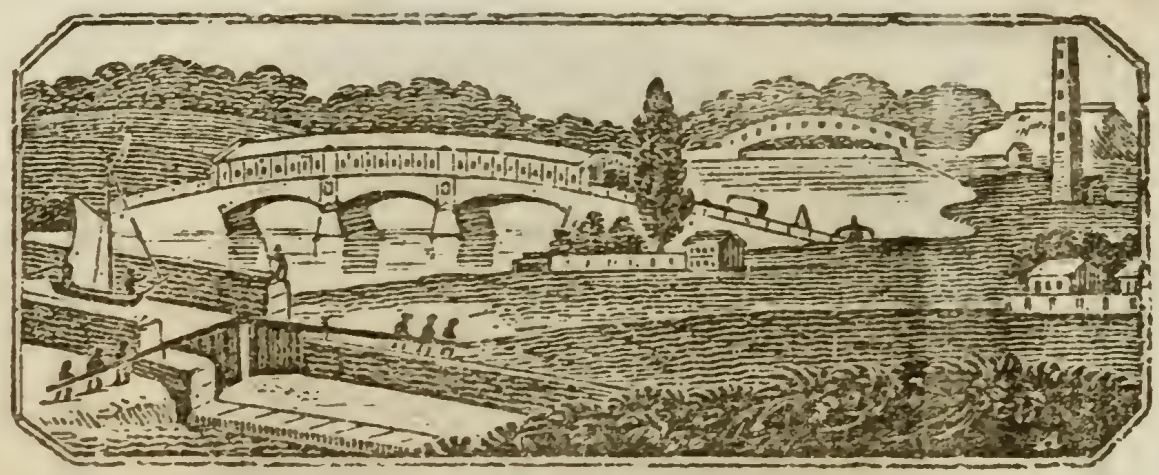
Bonny lass! bonny lass!
Will you be mine?
You shall neither wash dishes,
Nor serve the wine,
But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,
And you shall have strawberries, sugar, and cream.

Old Gim-ne-kum the Indian chief,
Who you well know is a big thief;
He handles his hatchet rather too handy,
And never drinks water when he gets brandy.

I had a little doll, the prettiest ever seen,

She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean.

Hush thee, my babe,
And sleep while you may:
For when daddy comes home,
The old boy will be to pay.



LONDON BRIDGE.

London bridge is broken down,
Dance over it my Lady Lee,
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up, with gravel and stone,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
With a gay ladye.

Gravel and stone will be washed away,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Gravel and stone will be washed away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and break,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and break,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay ladye.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll set a man to watch it, then,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
We'll set a man to watch it, then,
With a gay ladye.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay ladye.

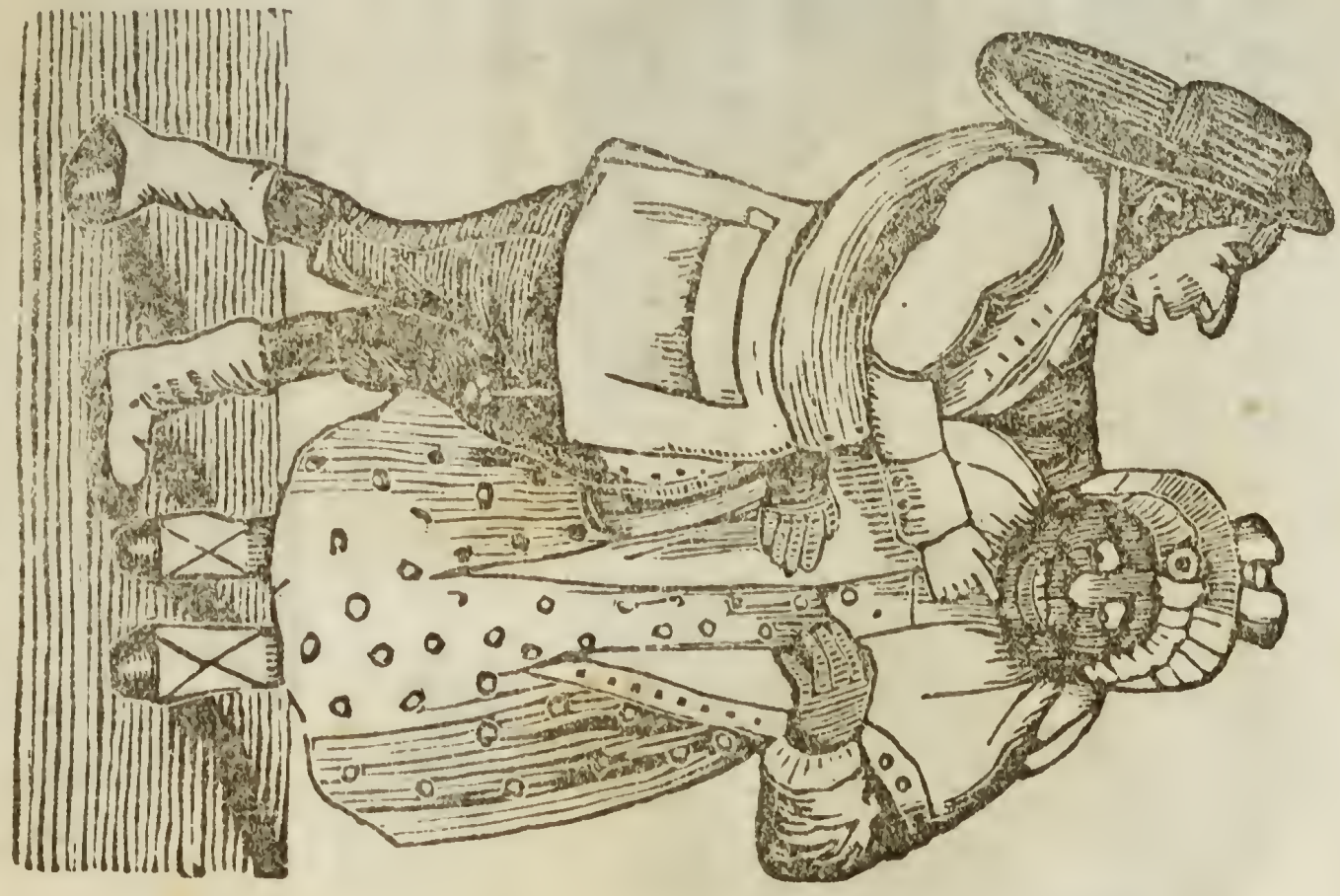
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
With a gay ladye.

The man in the moon came down too soon,
To inquire the way to Norwich;
The man at the south he burnt his mouth,
With eating cold plum porridge.

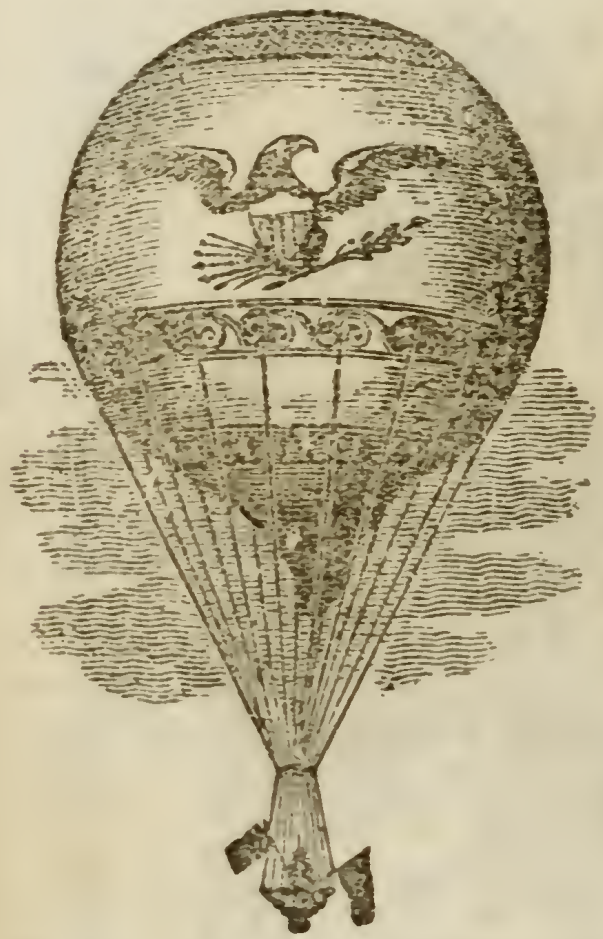
I had a little hobby horse,
And it was daple grey,
His head was made of pea-straw,
His tail was made of hay,
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat,
And I'll not sing my song again,
Without a new coat.

There was a little man, he had a little gun,
The bullets were made of lead;
He went to the brook, and he shot a little duck,
And the bullet went through its head.
He carried it home to his wife Joan,
And a fire he bid her make,
To dress the little duck, while he went to the brook,
And shot, shot the drake.

What care I how black I be,
'Twenty pounds will marry me,

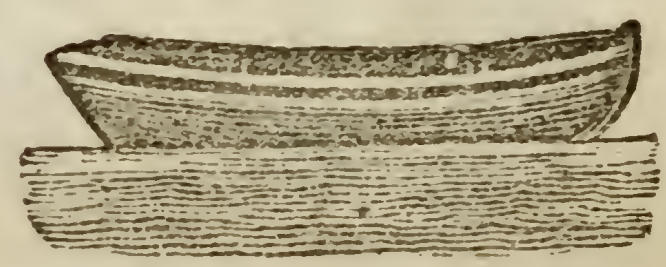


If twenty won't, why forty shall
For I am mamma's darling gal.



What is the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
Why they say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

Lazy Tom with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that dad
can wish him,
Is his gouty shoe may fit
him.



A boat, a boat, to cross the ferry,
For we are going to be merry.

Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn;
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock, fast asleep?

Pibroch of Donnel Dhu,
Pibroch of Donnel,
Wake thy voice anew,
Summon Clan-Cunnel,
Come away, come away,
Hark to the smmons,
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.
Come as the winds come,
When forests are rended.
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded.

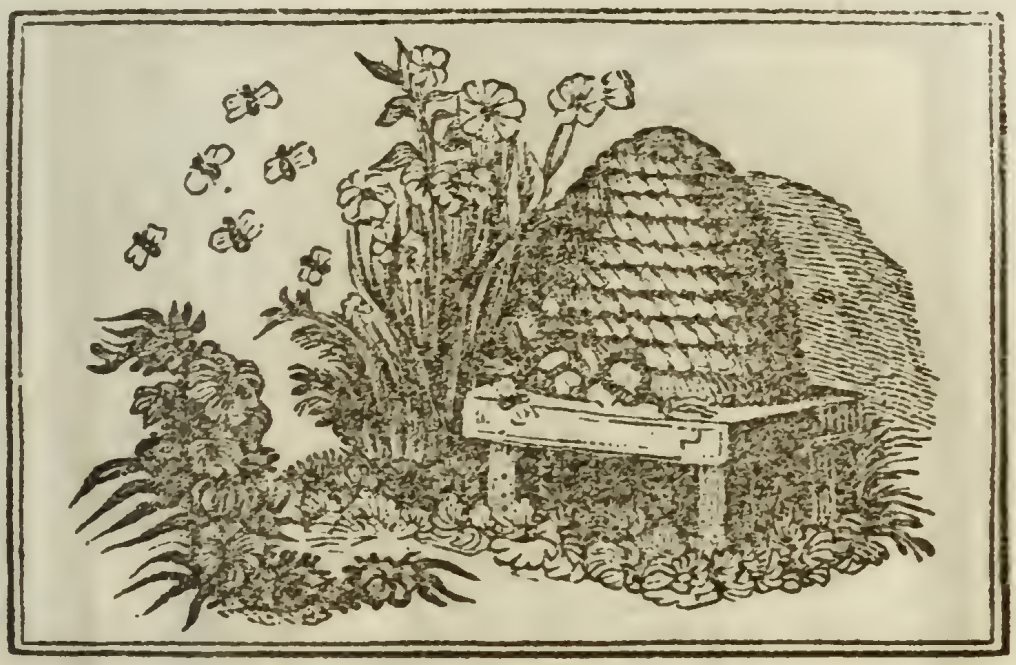
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.
Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather,
Cast your blades, draw your blades, now to the charge.

Shoe the colt, shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare,
Here a nail, there a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

Dingty, diddledy, my mama's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid;
Some in her pockets, some in her sleeves,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating of Christmas pie,

He with his thumb, took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



Bless you, bless you Burny Bee,
Say when will your wedding be?
If it's to be on to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And what gave you that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me a jolly red nose.
My nose is long, my ears are short,
And I can teach as I was taught.

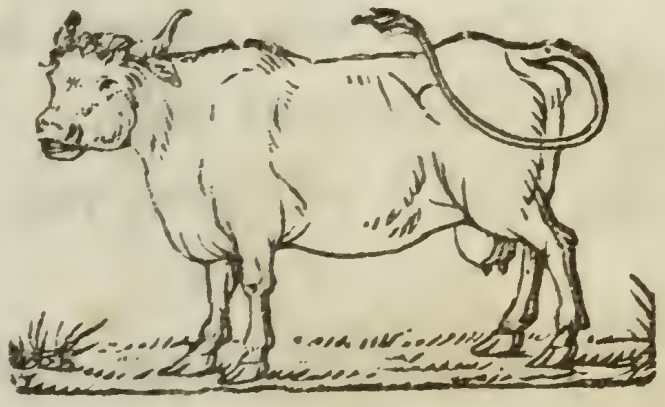
Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them dare not touch her tail,

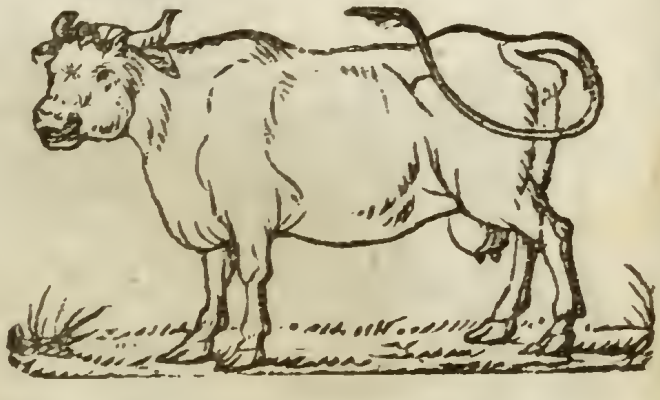
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And cowlips all in a row.

The sow came in with the saddle,
And then sat down to rock the cradle.

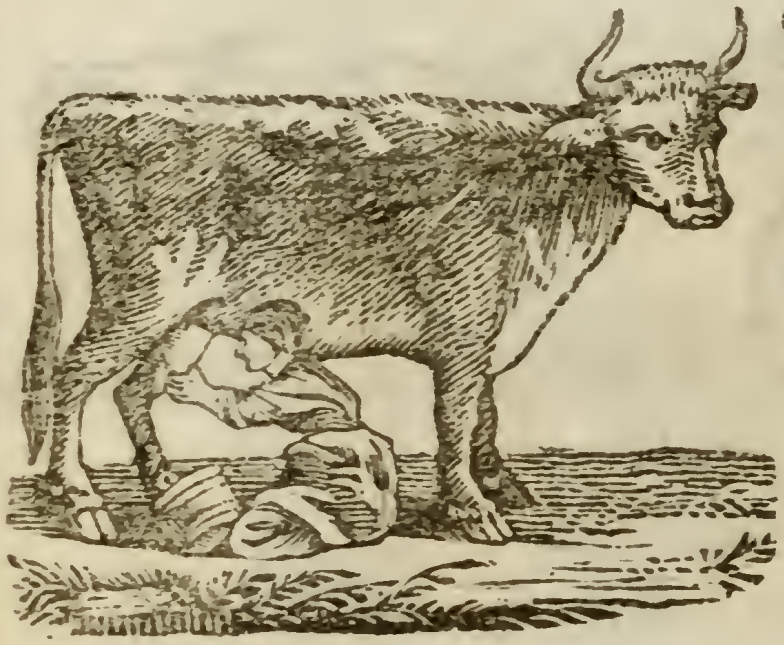
Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Whose dog art thou?





There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
He shot John Sprig
Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head.



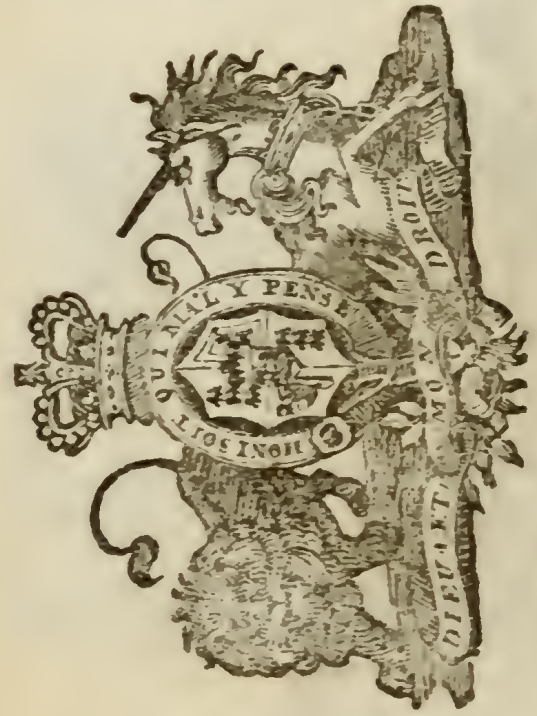
Cushy cow bonny, let
down your milk,
And I will give you a
gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a sil-
ver tee,
If you will let down your
milk to me.

Tongs, Saw, Arrow, and Pen,

All came home for Tommy and Ben.

There was a man in our town,
And he was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes

And when he felt his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

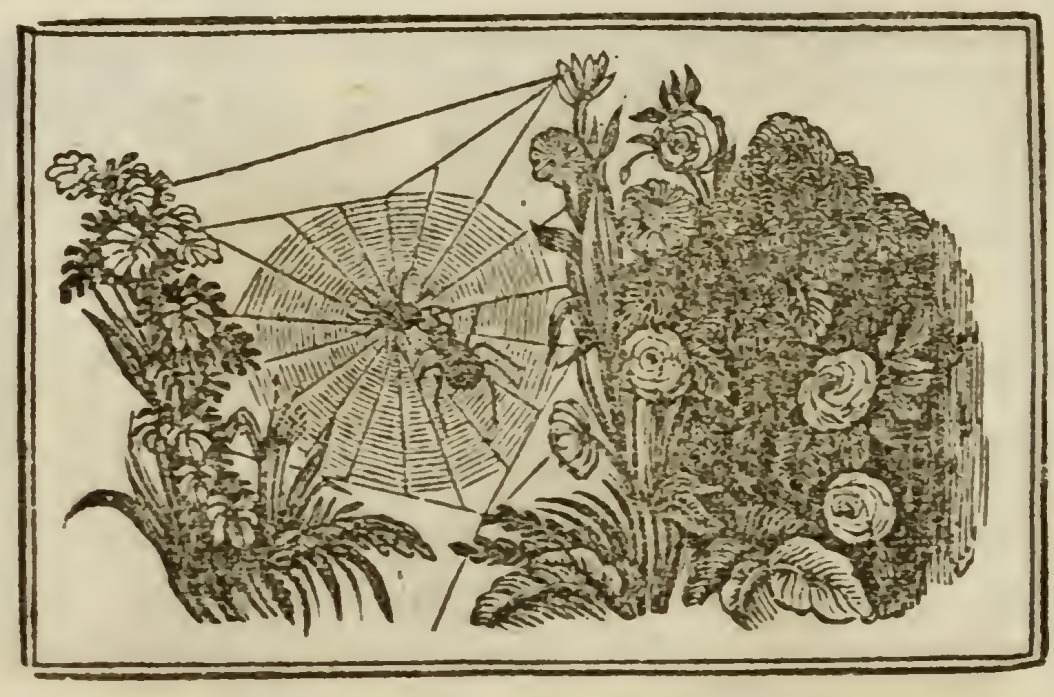


The Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

Saturday night shall be my whole care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair;
On Sunday morning my love will come in,
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.

Children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.



Daffy-down-dilly is now come to town,
With a petticoat green, and bright yellow gown,
And her little white blossoms are peeping around.

To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head;
Let's stay awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pot, says Greedy-Gut,
We'll sup before we go.

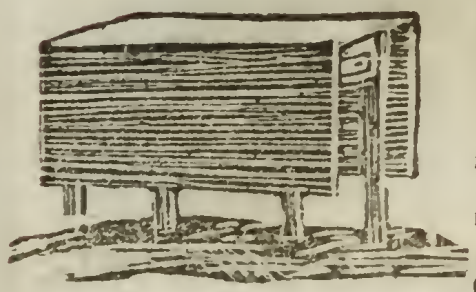
Little Jack Nory told me a story,
How he tried cock-horse to ride,
Sword and scabbard by his side,
Saddle, leaden spurs and switches,
His pocket tight, with cents all bright,
Marbles, tops, puzzles, props,
Now he's put in jacket and breeches.

When good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding.

A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums,

And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.



The sow came in with a saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd a top on the table,
To see the pot wash the ladle;
The spit that stood behind a bench,
Call'd the dishclout dirty wench;

Odds plut, says the gridiron,
Can't ye agree,
I'm the head constable,
Bring 'em to me.

Who would not take a pretty sail, upon a sunny day,
When not a sign of storm shall o'er the waters play!

Come Francis, take your little oar,
And bring young Thomas too;
And if the boat will hold one more,
Mary shall go with you.
And you will be, for all the world,
A young and happy crew.

Three wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.
But so weak was the bowl,
That they sank every soul.

There was a mad man,
And he had a mad wife,
And they lived all in a mad lane!
They had three children all at a birth,
And they too were mad every one.

The father was mad,
The mother was mad,
The children all mad beside;
And upon a mad horse they all of them got,
And madly away did ride.

Little Jack a dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy,

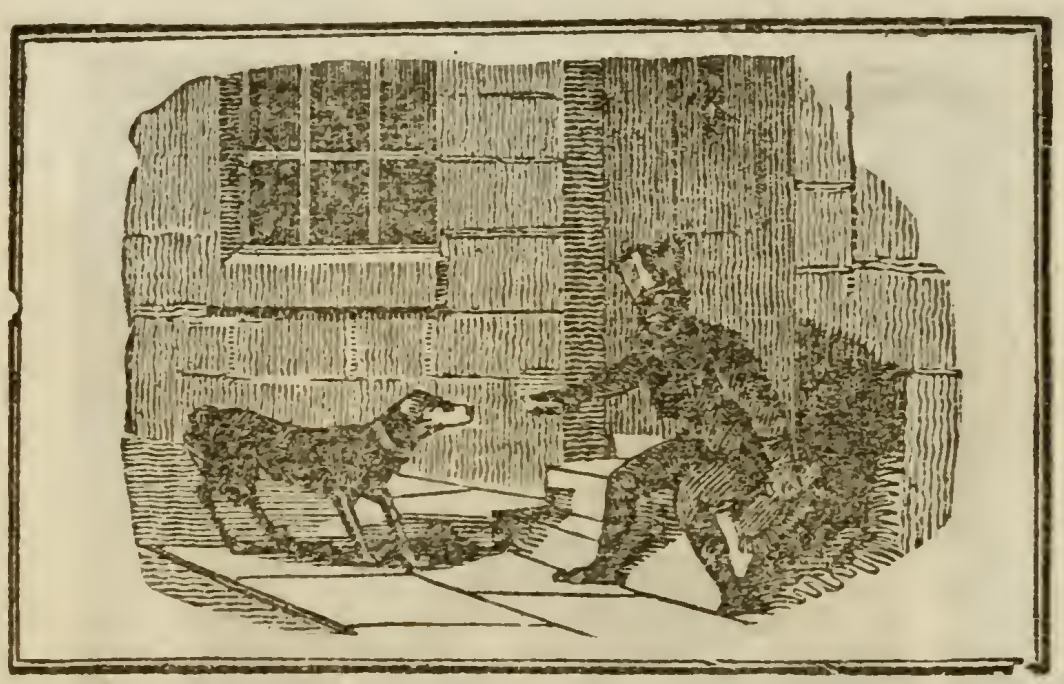
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he comes, hop, hop, hop.

I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,

I put him in a quart pot,
And there I bid him drum.

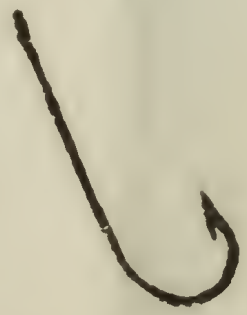
Pat a cake, pat a cake, Baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can;

Put it in the oven for Tommy and me,
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T.

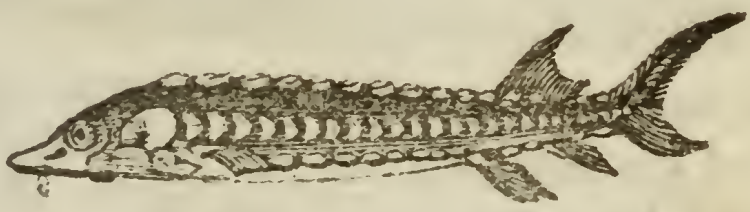


As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a thief with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tript his heels and he fell on his nose.

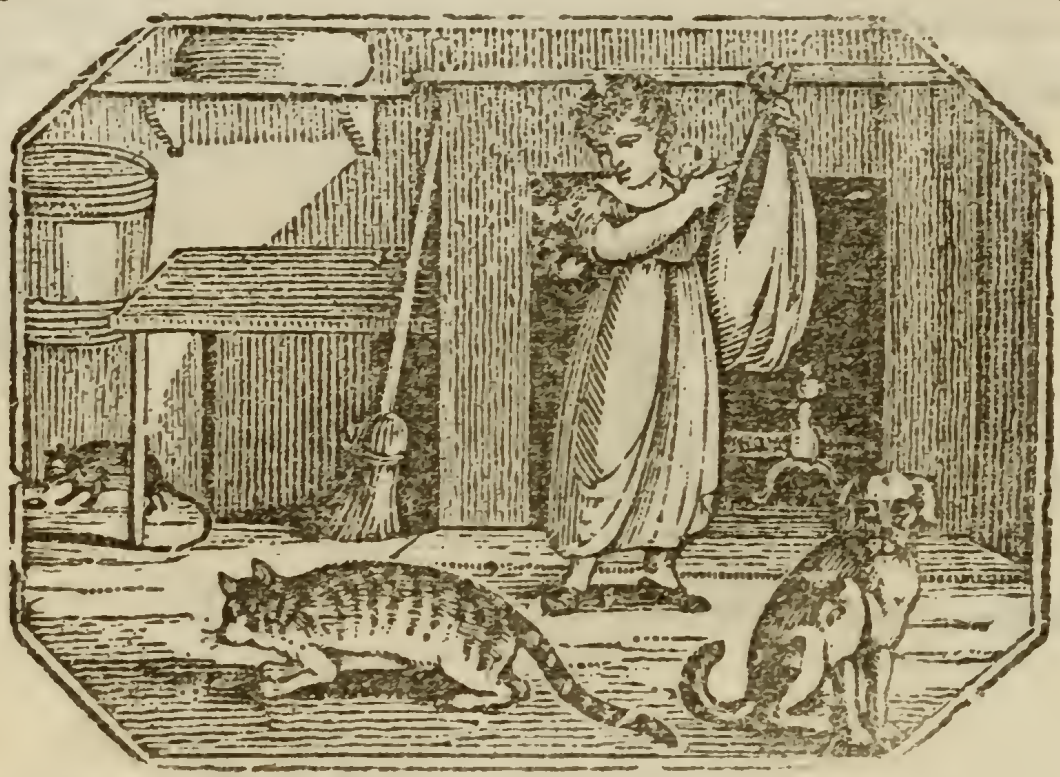
Hook, you catch fish; pot, you boil them for supper



Bellows, you blow the fire, and I'll go get the platter.

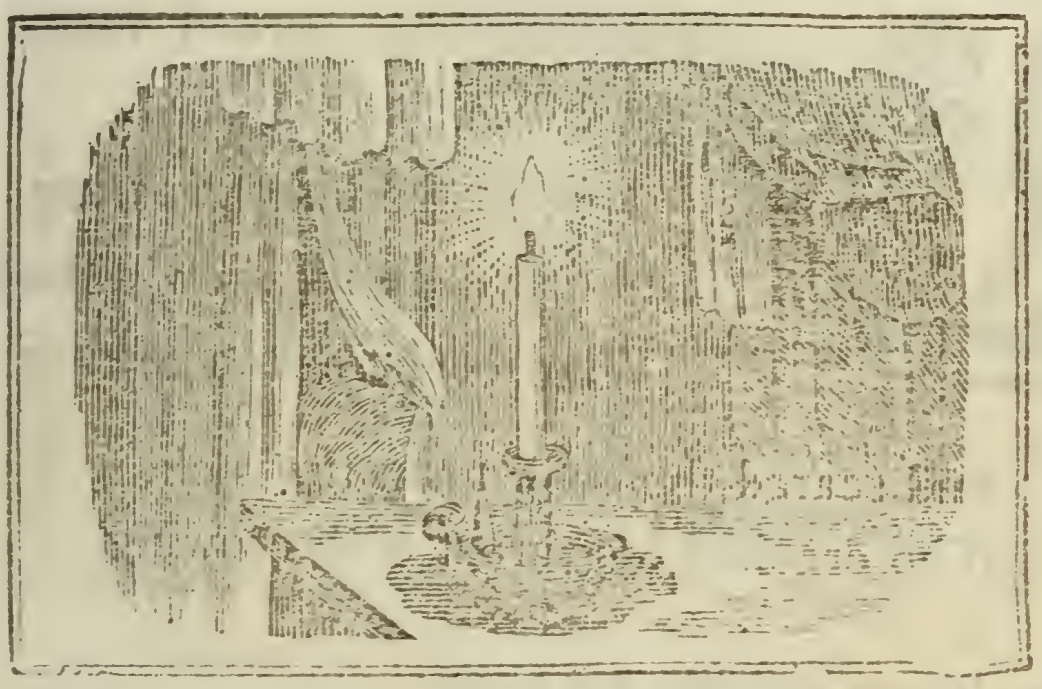


I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Jill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me t'other little tune.



Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump and run under the table,
The dog said, catch him puss soon as you're able.

In April's sweet month,
When the leaves 'gin to spring,
Little goats skip like fairies
And birds build and sing.



Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on,
One stocking off, and one stocking on,
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes children pretty, healthy, and wise.

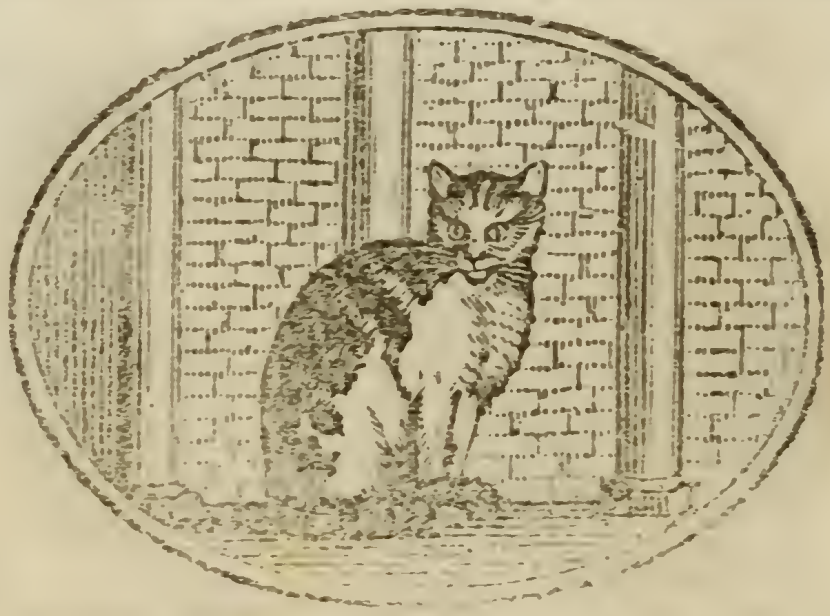
The little dog turned round the wheel,
And set the bull a roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a rowing.

And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat with crowing.

One, Two—buckle my shoe;
Three, Four—open the door;
Five, Six—pick up sticks;
Seven, Eight—lay them straight;
Nine, Ten—a good fat hen;
Eleven, Twelve—I hope you're well;
Thirteen, Fourteen—draw the curtain;
Fifteen, sixteen—the maid's in the kitchen;
Seventeen, Eighteen—she's in waiting;
Nineteen, Twenty—my stomach is empty.

Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Towser,
Crows in the corn-field, run boys, run,
Cats in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls,
Fire on the mountains, run boys, run.

Niggar in an Apple Cart, dont you see his heel,
Hogs in Exchange Street, dont you hear 'em squeal.

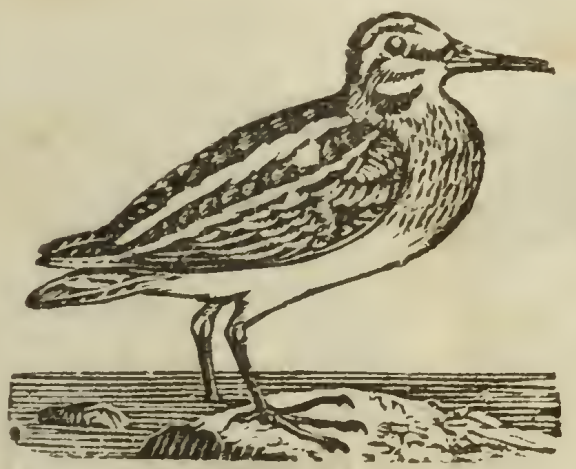


Little Robin Redbreast, sat upon a tree,
Up went the Pussy-Cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-Cat, away Robin ran,
Says little Robin Redbreast, catch me if you can.
Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-Cat jumped after him, and then he was afraid.
Little Robin chirped and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-Cat said mew, mew, mew—and Robin flew away.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Your cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen,
And Betts's a lady,
And wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer,
And drums for the king.

The maid is milking, and the cock is crowing,
And all the children in the house are crying.

There was an old woman, she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she knew not what
to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She gave them a sound whipping, and sent them
off to bed.

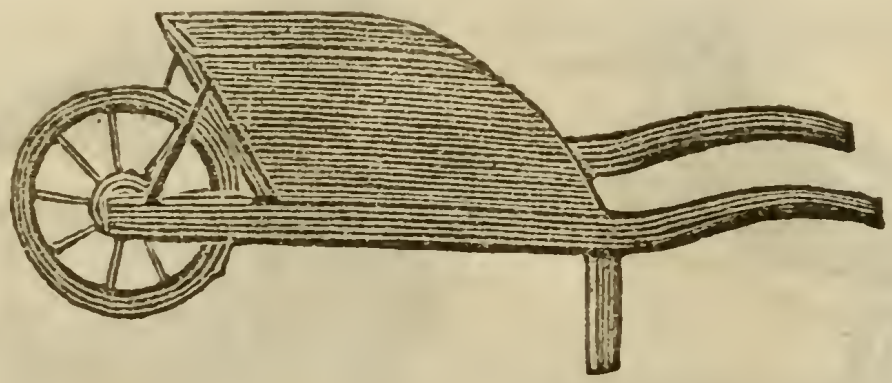


There were two birds sat upon a stone,
One flew away, and there was one,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.

The other flew after, and then there was none,
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.

One of the little birds back again flew,
The other came after, then there were two,
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy:

Says one to the other, pray how do you do?
Very well, thank you, and pray how are you?
Fal de ral — al de ral — laddy.

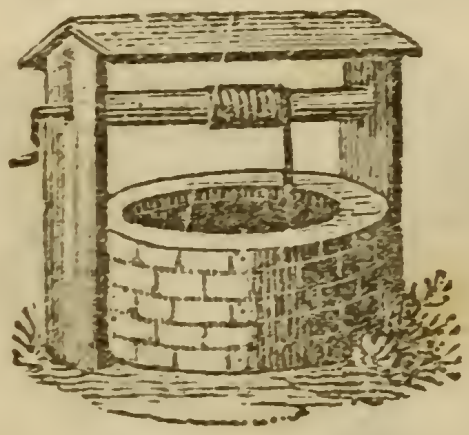


When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
That I was forced to go to town,
And buy me a wife.

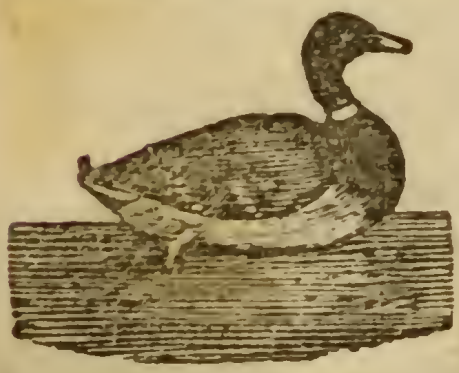
The street was so broad, the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home,
In a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Farewell wife, wheelbarrow and all.

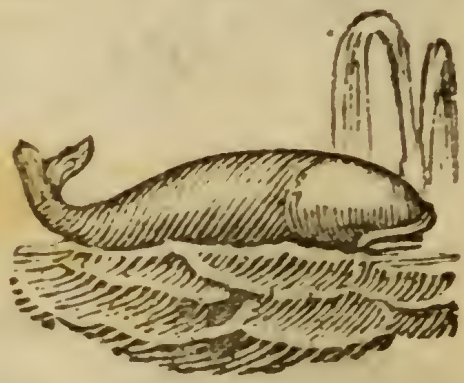
Goosey, goosey gander, where dost thou wander?
Up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man that would not say his prayers,
I took him by his hind legs and threw him down stairs.

The hen and cat got
covered with mud,
And then washed them
clean in an old tub.

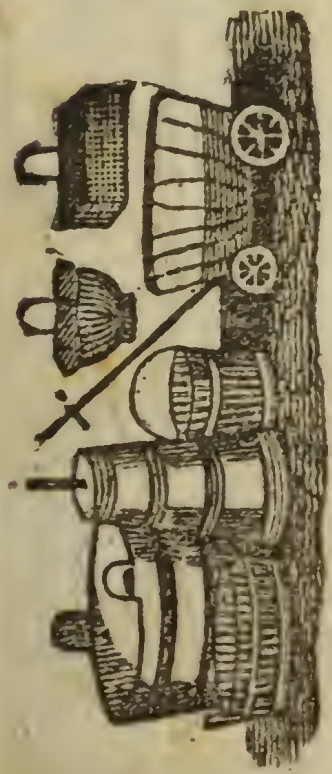


Ding—dong—bell, the cat's in the well,
Who put her in? little Johnny Green,
Who pulled her out? great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat;
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's barn.





Farewell, my little readers, all,
But not a last adieu,
For I am ready at your call,
To bring you something new.
I'll tell you of the birds that fly,
The fishes in the sea,
The stars that sparkle in the sky,
I'll speak of them to thee.
The little flowers that bloom around,
The rabbit and the mole,
I'll tell you how beneath the ground,
They dig their lonely hole.
And now good-by, my little ones,
My book, you see, is fill'd,
The cat has sought a resting place,
The rats and mice are kill'd.



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